Brag. A most acute Iuuenall, volable and free of grace,
By thy fauour sweete Welkin, I must sigh in thy face:
Most rude melancholie, Valour gites thee place.
My Herald is returnd.

Enter *Page* and *Clowne.*

Pag. A wonder Maister, Heers a *Costard* broken in a shin.
Ar. Some enigma, some riddle, come, thy *Lenuoy* begin.
Clo. No egma, no riddle, no *lenuoy*, no salue, in thee male sir.
O sir, Plantan, a pline Plantan: no *lenuoy*, no *lenuoy*, no Salue
sir, but a Plantan.
Ar. By vertue thou inforcest laughter, thy sillie thought,
my spleene, the heauing of my lunges prouokes me to rediculous smyling: O pardone me my starres, doth the inconsiderate take *salue* for *lenuoy*, and the word *lenuoy* for *a salue?*
Pag. Do the wise thinke them other, is not *lenuoy* a *salue?*
A. No Page, it is an epilogue or discourse to make plaine,
Some obscure presedence that hath tofore bin saine.
I will example it.
The Fox, the Ape, and the Humble-Bee,
Were still at oddes being but three.
Ther's the morrall: Now the *lenuoy.*
Pag. I will adde the *lenuoy*, say the morrall againe.
Ar. The Foxe, the Ape, and the Humble-Bee,
Were still at oddes, being but three.
Pag. Vntill the Goose came out of doore,
And staied the oddes by adding foure.
Now will I begin your morrall, and do you follow with my *lenuoy.*
The Foxe, the Ape, and the Humble-Bee,
Were still at oddes, being but three.
Arm. Vntill the Goose came out of doore,
Staying the oddes by adding foure.
Pag. A good *Lenuoy*, ending in the Goose: woulde you desire more?
Clo. The Boy hath sold him a bargaine, a Goose, that's flat.
Sir, your penny-worth is good, and your Goose be fat.
To sell a bargaine well is as cunning as fast and loose:

Let